

THE EXAMINER.

"PROVE ALL THINGS; HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD."

VOLUME III.

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PAUL SEYMOUR,
PUBLISHER.

From the National Era.
Number of Slaveholders in the United States.

No census has ever given us the number of slaveholders. We hear and see and feel so much of their power, that we are apt to confound them with the white population of the South. It is one of our popular delusions, that every Southerner is the owner of slaves, whereas, in fact, the people who are forever threatening to dissolve the Union, unless permitted to govern it, are a very small landed aristocracy.

In "An Address to the Non-Slaveholders of the South," published a few years since, there was a long array of arguments and statistics, to prove that each master could not, on an average, hold less than ten slaves. Of course, on this average, the slave population, divided by ten, would give the number of owners, viz: 248,771. This number, deducted from the white males over 20 years old, in the slave States and Territories, viz: 1,018,307, would give us 767,596 adult white non-slaveholders.

A fact has recently come to light, that most conclusively proves that this supposed average of ten slaves to the master is very far below the true number. It seems there was a census taken (1843) in Kentucky of voters, slaves, and slaveholders. Mr. Underwood of that State, in a recent speech published in the New York Express, gives the number of voters as 139,612; of slaves, 192,470, and of slaveholders, 8,743!! being an average of more than 22 slaves to each master. Now, let it be recollected, that the slaves are necessarily less concentrated upon Kentucky farms, than they are upon the large cotton and sugar plantations of the more southern States. It is well known that the great planters hold from 100 to 2,000 slaves. A letter, lately published in the newspapers, from the Parish of Ascension, Louisiana, giving an account of the ravages of the cholera in the neighborhood, says: "Mr. Fish has lost 20 negroes, Kenner, 31, Deile 40, Minor 66, Colonel Bibb has lost 70, Bishop Polk 64." But applying even the Kentucky ratio, which is obviously too small, to the whole slave region, the result is astounding. The whole number of slaves—men, women, and children—were, by the last census, 2,487,711. This number, divided by 22, gives 113,077 as the sum total of the slaveholders in the United States. Beyond all question, this is an exaggerated estimate.

We are now qualified to judge of the accuracy of the reports made by the slaveholders themselves of their number.

Mr. Horace Mann, in a speech, June 30, 1843, in the House of Representatives, observed: "I have seen the number of actual slaveholders variously estimated, but the highest estimate I have ever seen, is three hundred thousand." He was here interrupted by Mr. Gayle of Alabama—"If the gentleman from Massachusetts has been informed that the number of slaveholders is only 300,000, then I will tell him his information is utterly false."

Mr. Mann—"Will the gentleman tell us how many there are?"

Mr. Gayle—"Ten times as many."

Ten times 300,000 being 3,000,000, there were, according to the gentleman from Alabama, more slaveholders than slaves! Mr. Meade, of Virginia, seeing the awkward position in which Mr. Gayle had placed himself, came to his relief by remarking—"When father or mother owned slaves, they were considered the joint property of the family; and that, including the grown and the young, there were about three millions interested in slave property."

Thus it was attempted to neutralise one absurdity by another. Allowing on an average, six persons to a family, the slaveholders, their wives and children, cannot, in the aggregate, exceed 600,000, nor the slaveholding voters, 100,000!

This small but powerful aristocracy wield the political authority of the States in which they reside; and this they do, not only through their wealth and superior education, but by making the masses believe that, by protecting and perpetuating slavery, they are promoting the common good. According to Mr. Underwood, in Kentucky there are a majority of 130,867 non-slaveholding voters; yet at the recent election, most of these men were persuaded by the 'Lords of the Lash' to go for everlasting slavery.

It is obvious that the power of the masters rests wholly upon the ignorance and suberviency of the non-slaveholders.—Hence the wrath and trepidation manifested by these masters, whenever an attempt is made to enlighten the masses as to the influence of slavery on their interests. Some years ago, the New Orleans papers announced that 500 copies of an address to the non-slaveholders had been received at the Post Office in that city; but instead of being delivered to the persons to whom they were addressed, they were BURNED!

Mr. Barrett has recently been arrested in South Carolina, and is now in prison. His sole offence, and the only one of which he is accused, is that of having deposited in the Post Office, sealed wrappers, addressed to certain white citizens, containing a printed tract, written by a native of the State, and virtually addressed to the non-slaveholders of South Carolina. This tract points out various provisions in the State Constitution which contends were contrived to give a political preponderance to the owners of slaves. It shows that the representation of the several counties in the Legislature is apportioned according to the slave and not to the white population.—

Thus it appears, from the tails given, that the two plantation districts of Georgetown and Beaufort, containing 7,743 whites and 45,673 slaves, have together 6 senators and 10 representatives, while the district of Spartanburg, having 17,924 whites, and only 5,687 slaves, has but 1 senator and 5 representatives. In this manner, care is taken to give the few slaveholders more representatives than the many non-slaveholders. To such an extent is this system carried, that less than one-third of the free white population elect a majority of the members of both Houses of the Legislature.

The tract also shows that the property qual-

LOUISVILLE KY.: SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1849.

WHOLE NUMBER 20.

Successful Female Industry.

The following interesting article was handed to us, without her knowledge, by a friend of Mrs. E. C. BEMAN, to be published in *The Home Journal* as an advertisement; but our knowledge of many of the facts in the article, and the interest which every one must feel in successful female industry and perseverance under great hardships, induce us to give it place in our reading columns:

THI KE—Which is, being interpreted, "THY KEY to Prosperity."

T—TEMPERANCE,
H—HONESTY,
I—INDUSTRY,
K—KNOWLEDGE,
E—EVONY.

It was in the winter of '43 and '44, nearly six years ago, at the mother of three helpless little children might be occasionally seen of a cold winter evening wending her cheerful way from Ducker's grocery, on the corner of Ann and Nassau street, in one hand carrying a scuttlefull of anthracite coal, and in the other a pot of oil. The coal was to warm a baby, wily, too thinly clad in cotton; while the oil was to shed a feeble light upon weary stithes, taken in sadness, long after slumber had closed the eyes of the hundreds of thousands of hapless citizens, who had finished their day's labor, and forgotten its cares. A dozen or two of cheap stockings, had a dozen cheaper suspenders, and a few other light articles, comprising a total stock in trade of nearly fifteen dollars' value, entitled the front half of a room, partitioned in the middle, to the dignity of being called a "store." The other half of the same room was at once the parlor, kitchen, bed-room, dining room, and library (for it contained a Bible and dictionary,) and in it could be discovered well nigh half a cart-load of furniture, worth altogether not much short of forty dollars. The room, 129 Nassau street, was rented in October '43, and on quarter day, the first of February, 1844, a kind friend in New Jersey, whose memory will be fondly cherished by her children, had, in the exercise of strict self-defence, succeeded in slaying the wicked Cain. The soul recoils in horror from the thought of praise or honor, as the need of such many inchoate, hateful success. And what is true of a contest between two brothers, is equally true of a contest between many. No man can win "glory" by dealing death or defeat to an army of his brothers.

The ancient Romans, ignorant of this sacred and most comprehensive relation, and recognizing only the exclusive fellowship which springs from a common country, accounted civil war as *fratricidal*. They branded the opposing forces, even under well-known names in the Republic, as *impious*, and constantly refused "honor," "thanksgiving," or "triumph," to the conquering chief whose sword had been employed against his *fellow-citizens*, even though traitors and rebels. As the brotherhood of mankind—now professed by the world, unblushingly avow that they can not consent to divide the party, and thus sacrifice their expectations of power and emolument, merely to secure the future liberty and happiness of New Mexico and California. Never since the birthday of the Republic has any great political association been actuated by more generous and disinterested motives, or proposed a more noble end, than the FREE SOIL PARTY.—For this party, are reserved the plaudits, and for the Northern mercenaries of the Southern aristocracy, the reprobation, of unborn generations.

A. B.

August, 1849.

Military Glory.

Let me not disguise the truth. It is too true that this is still cherished by mankind that it is still an object of regard and ambition—that men follow war, and count its pursuit "honorable"—that the feats of brute force in battle are pronounced "brilliant"—and that a yet prevailing public opinion animates unreflecting and mistaken mortals to seek the bubble *reputation* even in the cannon's mouth." It is too true, that nations persevere in offering praise and thanks-giving—such as no labors of Beneficence can achieve—to the chief whose hands are red with the blood of his fellow-men.

But whatever may be the usage of the world, whether during the long and dreary Past, or in the yet barbarous Present, it must be clear to all who are willing to confront this question with candor, and in the light of unquestioned principles and examples, that all "glory," won in bloody strife among God's children, must be fugitive, evanescent, unreal; unstable as water, worthless as ashes. It is the offspring of a deluded public sentiment, and must certainly disappear, as men learn to analyze its elements and to appreciate its true character. Too long, indeed, has mankind worshipped what St. Augustine called the *splendid vices*, neglecting the simple virtues. Too long has mankind cultivated the flaunting and noxious weeds, careless of the golden corn which produces the bread of life. Too long has mankind been insensible to those Christian precepts, and to that high example, which, whatever may be the apologetics of self-defence, rebuke all the pretensions of military glory.

Look for one moment at this "glory,"—Analyze it in the growing light which is shed by the lamps of history. Regarding war as an established arbitration, for the adjudication of controversies among nations—the peantries of an earlier period between cities, principalities, and provinces, and the trial by battle between individuals—the conclusion is irresistible, that an enlightened civilization must condemn all the partisans in its dueels, and all their vaunted achievements, precisely as we now condemn all the partisans in those miserable contests which disfigure the commencement of modern history.—The prowess of the individual is all forgotten in unutterable disgust at the inglorious barbarism of the strife in which it was displayed.

Observe yet again this "glory," in the broad illumination of Christian truth. In all ages, even in heathen lands, men have looked with peculiar reverence upon the relation of brotherhood. Feuds among brothers, from that earliest mutual murdering contest beneath the walls of Thebes, have been accounted dismal and abhorred, never to be mentioned without condemnation and aversion. This same sentiment is revivified in modern times, and men sought to extend the holy circle of its influence. According to curious and savage custom, valiant knights, desirous of associating themselves to be bled together, that the blood of each other, as it spouted from the veins, might intermingle, and thus constitute them of one blood. In this same spirit, an emperor of Constantinople, and one of the cruel kings, confirmed an alliance of friendship—being bled together.

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At last by such profane and superstitious devices have men, in their barbarism, sought to establish that relation of brotherhood, whose beauty and holiness they perceived, though they failed to discern that, by the ordinance of God, without any human stratagem, it justly comprehended all their fellow-men. In the midst of Judaism, which hated all nations, Christianity proclaimed love to all mankind, and distinctly declared that God had made of one blood all the nations of men. And, as if to keep this sublime truth ever present to the mind, the disciples were taught, in the simple prayer of the Savior, to address God as their Father in Heaven—not in phrase of exclusive worship, "my Father," but in those other words of high Christian import, "Our Father," with the petition not merely to "forgive me my trespasses," but with a diviner prayer to "forgive us our trespasses"—thus, in the solitude of the closet, recognising all alike as children of God, and embracing all alike in the petition of prayer.

Confessing the brotherhood of mankind, we find at once a divine standard, of unquestionable accuracy and applicability, by which to estimate the achievements of battle. No brother can win "glory" from the death of a brother. Cain won no "glory" when he slew Abel; nor would Abel have won "glory," had he, in the exercise of strict self-defence, succeeded in slaying the wicked Cain. The soul recoils in horror from the thought of praise or honor, as the need of such many inchoate, hateful success. And what is true of a contest between two brothers, is equally true of a contest between many. No man can win "glory" by dealing death or defeat to an army of his brothers.

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JOHN H. HEYWOOD,
NOBLE BUTLER,
EDITORS.

LOUISVILLE: SEPT. 29, 1849.

WE send, occasionally, a number of the
EXAMINER to persons who are not subscribers, in
the hope, that a perusal of it, they may be in-
duced to subscribe.

J. M. McKNIGHT, No. 31, North Fifth st.,
Philadelphia, will receive subscriptions for the
xaminer.

Notice.

We shall, in future, discontinue sending the
EXAMINER to subscribers after the expiration of
the time for which their subscriptions pay, un-
less otherwise instructed.

South Carolina--The Curse of Slavery.

For several years South Carolina has rendered herself very ridiculous by the attitude she has assumed in relation to the question of slavery. Not content with guarding her own frontiers by the establishment of sanitary cordons to keep out the infection of abolitionism, she has become extremely benevolent and seeks to protect all the people of the Southern States from the mischief which anti-slavery men would like to bring upon them. She has assumed to speak for the entire South. That is to say Mr. Calhoun has, and Mr. Calhoun and South Carolina are convertible terms.—What he says she says.

The position of South Carolina is not more peculiar than absurd. One would think that her sons and daughters have nothing to do but to keep up a very hard thinking and talking about the blessings of the negro system. In thus giving all their time to one subject the Carolinians have grown to be very peculiar people. They assume to speak for all the South, and yet there is scarcely a man, woman or child outside of South Carolina that does not instinctively turn up his or her nose whenever the idea of the lofty presumption of that State crosses his or her mind. Anxious to speak for the entire South—do all the thinking and rhetoric for all Southern people—every other Southern State tells her distinctly that she might as well mind her own business and permit honest people to get along according to their own convictions of duty and propriety. South Carolina in thus pressing her “rejected addresses” on the people of the South, acts very much as a persecuting suitor acts who seems to fancy that the more his inamorata frowns on and spurns him the greater his chance of reaching the Paradise of her smiles becomes. And South Carolina is the most constant of all contended suitors. For twenty years she has been offering her sweet and precious services to the rest of the Southern States, and they have regularly and constantly spurned her proffered kindness.

If a man were to act as South Carolina acts there is not a jury in the land that would not consign him to a Lunatic Asylum. She has but one idea in her head and on that she has been expatiating so long and so incoherently that all the world is tired of her eloquence and refuses to listen longer. Then too she fancies that it is her peculiar mission to rectify the public opinion of the world on the subject of slavery. It is the only thing they live for—it is the only thing they would die for—it is the only thing which would render Paradise itself attractive to them. Such a monomania is fearful. It is one of the most wretchedly humiliating spectacles recorded in history. No energy of South Carolina could wish her greater bitterness than that which the system of slavery inflicts on her. If men will cling to a stupendous system of outrage and of wrong they cannot expect to escape the retribution which everlasting justice exacts.

Let Kentucky and the other slave States be warned by the conduct of South Carolina to escape the miserable lot she is now consigned to. A more appalling condition cannot be imagined than that of a State which thinks of and cares for nothing but slavery. A man dares to pray for “universal liberty,” and he is ordered to leave the State within two days at the peril of his life. Can public sentiment in a republic possibly sink lower in degeneracy than is indicated by such conduct?

It is a crime thought to be worthy of death if a man in South Carolina denounces the wretched system of negro slavery! Where can a more odious tyranny be found than exists there? There never was a poor and wretched underling of the Persian government who manifested a more degrading tyranny than the leading men of South Carolina uphold. To say that freedom of thought and liberty of conscience can exist in such a State is exceedingly absurd. We need not cross the Atlantic to find victims of despotism on whom to lavish our sympathy. We need not travel beyond South Carolina if we wish to feelodium for a tyranny the most perfect and utter. There is no tyranny exercised in Siberia which is so grinding, so ruthless, so shameless, and so utterly unjust as that which degrades the most devoted of the slaveholding States of this confederacy.

those rights and immunities which the men of our revolutionary period fought for. The gentleman was left off with a gentle admonition, and promising not to be guilty of any similar crime hereafter, the meeting adjourned.

The case of Barrett who is now lying in jail in Spartanburg is fresh in the minds of our readers. That unfortunate young man has caused a prodigious ferment in South Carolina. He has violated law, and yet he is incarcerated among felons. From the manner in which the papers of that State have noticed the affair and from the red hot indignation many of them have uttered, there is no doubt that there are hundreds of men in South Carolina who would rejoice if he were to fall a victim to the ruthless Lynch code. We cannot conceive of a more utterly pitiable condition of the public mind than that in which the public mind in South Carolina at present is found. A young man is suspected of being engaged in distributing a pamphlet showing the anti-republican nature of the present constitution of the State, and for such a crime all the teeth in the State are gnashed at him! We do not see how a deeper stigma could fall on a people than to be insanely irritated by such a circumstance, a circumstance which could not possibly excite anybody's attention in any other community in the Union.

The present result of South Carolina is the legitimate result of devotion to the slavery system carried out to its ultimate result. Such a devotion if persisted in will craze any man or any set of men.

We would direct the attention of all other slave States to the condition of South Carolina, as presenting a spectacle which they may present hereafter unless they are extremely careful. Mr. Calhoun is one of the most gifted men of the day. His mind is masterly, and yet he has swindled himself out of his power to influence the nation by surrendering himself as an abject slave to the advocacy of slavery. So too of his State. She has lost her influence in the councils of the nation because she views every thing through the distorting medium of slavery. The peculiar institution is all that the people of that State exhibit any regard for. None of the sciences, none of the arts, nothing in philosophy or in manufactures, no great discovery or important invention is suffered for a moment to distract their attention from slavery. It is the only thing they live for—it is the only thing they would die for—it is the only thing which would render Paradise itself attractive to them. Such a monomania is fearful. It is one of the most wretchedly humiliating spectacles recorded in history. No energy of South Carolina could wish her greater bitterness than that which the system of slavery inflicts on her. If men will cling to a stupendous system of outrage and of wrong they cannot expect to escape the retribution which everlasting justice exacts.

Some of our States which had independently contracted enormous debts determined to avoid fulfilling their contracts. They acknowledged the obligation to discharge debts, but they asserted that the people would be very seriously injured by the attempt to act honestly. But what a storm of indignation was raised against the Reality to act honestly? The editors of the Journal denounced them with all that energy of language which they can so readily command. The difficulties in the way were not considered a sufficient excuse for failing to be honest.

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James D. Nourse, Esq.

This distinguished gentleman, the author of “The Past and its Legacies,” is now in our city with the intention of giving a course of lectures. We assure our readers that those who attend the lectures of Mr. Nourse will be highly delighted and instructed. His rich stores of knowledge, his reflective powers, and his brilliant rhetoric, will enable him to give such lectures as we do not often have the opportunity of hearing.

Concert for Madame Abhambowicz.

The lovers of music will be delighted to learn that this distinguished vocalist has determined to favor the citizens of Louisville with one of her delightful musical entertainments. We know that she will have a full house.

The Slavery Question.

The Whig ratification meeting, held in Philadelphia to ratify the nominations of the late State Convention, passed the following resolution on the Territorial question:

Resolved, That the progress of human liberty makes more and more evident the propriety of the great principle proclaimed at the last political canvass viz: That no extension of the institution of slavery can be sanctioned by the Government of the United States; and that it is the solemn conviction of this meeting that the provisions of the Constitution of the United States with regard to slavery are binding on all good citizens, it is no less the purpose of this meeting to make open profession of its determined hostility to the extension of slavery into any territory acquired by the National Government. And as we have called on Pennsylvania for the support of their great pecuniary interests, so do we call on the action of our fellow-citizens, to all the high moral principles by which they are distinguished, to consider the case of W. H. Brisbane, who was then on a visit to some of his relatives in that parish. The charge against Mr. Brisbane is that he, “in one of our pulpits,” insulted us “with the prayer that universal liberty might soon prevail!” For offering such a heinous prayer to the throne of grace, he was denounced as “a traitor to the South,” and a committee of three was appointed “to wait on the Rev. Wm. Brisbane, M. D., instanter, and warn him to leave the State in forty-eight hours, or abide the consequences from a hiterto patient but now indignant community.” The other meeting was held at the same place on the 10th of last month, to consider what should be done with a person who had the audacity to write an article headed “The Indignation Meeting,” in which the proceedings of the meeting to consider Doctor Brisbane’s case were reasonably ridiculed. When the meeting was organized, the author of the offensive article, Dr. L. D. Matthews, came forward and pleaded guilty to having furnished a part of the article. In extenuation of the enormity, he stated that he was no abolitionist, that he despised that wretched sect, that he would stand by South Carolina and her peculiar institutions to the last gasp. He moreover said that he had not written the article for publication. He had merely sent it to his cousin, Brisbane, who had tricked it out in sundry abolition feathers and had it published in a Cincinnati paper. He further said that he was “a descendant of revolutionary blood.” We are sorry that a descendant of Carolinian revolutionary stock, that fought for liberty, should now brag of his superlative dedication to an institution which cuts off its victims from all

the Louisville Journal and our Questions. The Louisville Journal has at length undertaken to answer our questions about the marriage of slaves. Ill health prevented us from making some remarks on the answer last week.

A very small portion of the article is devoted to our questions. We republish the portion which refers to our questions. The writer seems to have found it much easier to answer some other questions than those before him. We shall endeavor to “stick to the question.”

It will be remembered that the article in the Journal which induced us to ask these questions assumed a lofty tone of Christian morality, and spoke of the duties which Christianity imposed upon us with regard to the slave. It seemed to us that when one is speaking of duty to the slave, some allusion should be made to the violation of his dearest rights. We hoped that the attention of the Journal would be turned to this matter and that the editors would see that injustice is authorised and demanded by our laws. The Journal admits that the prohibition of marriage is wrong, but that it is essential to the system. What the Journal says about the difficulty of getting rid of slavery has nothing to do with the right or wrong of the matter. Is the thing wrong? The Journal answers in the affirmative. Now when a thing is wrong, what course does Christianity demand of the wrong-doer? Does it command him to sit down and brood over the difficulties in the way, till he has convinced himself that nothing can be done? A system may be productive of great injury; but so long as nothing but expediency is concerned, Christianity allows us to make all we can of the difficulties. The case, however, is different when there is a question of right and wrong. Christianity is to just a type and symbol of age in this new world restless western world. Hence old and young vie with each other in enthusiasm against difficulties; but it certainly commands him to do something—to make all effort to throw off his sin. No course of sin is deserved without some inconvenience. Two persons may have lived together so long in adultery that they may be very great difficulties in the way of their separation, but Christianity does not on this account permit the guilty parties to continue in the commission of sin. It does not tell them that they may continue to commit sin because it is very hard to do right.

A few years ago, many of the Barbary States carried on systematic piracy. Piracy was authorized by the governments. A great amount of capital was invested in this business. There were vested rights in abundance. The labor of the country was performed by slaves who had been captured by piratical vessels. If the citizens of the piratical States had begun to talk about Christianity, acknowledging that their pirates were wrong, but saying that they did not see any plan for abolishing the evil without great inconvenience, we do not believe the editors of the Journal would have been satisfied.

Some of our States which had independently contracted enormous debts determined to avoid fulfilling their contracts. They acknowledged the obligation to discharge debts, but they asserted that the people would be very seriously injured by the attempt to act honestly. But what a storm of indignation was raised against the Reality to act honestly? The editors of the Journal denounced them with all that energy of language which they can so readily command. This was the Romance of the California emigration. The Reality was to be learned afterwards. By many of the pilgrims it has already been learned. Some of vigorous frame and dauntless spirit have not shrank from the lesson, but how hard, how fatal, it has been to others, he many graves which mark the trail of the immigrants too plainly laid. We have from time to time seen letters which revealed the nature and degree of the hardships encountered by the pilgrims, but nothing has given us so vivid an idea of these hardships, as the following extract from a letter written from Fort Laramie by an intelligent physician to his son in Louisville.

“From Independence to this place, as far as we have gone yet, the road-sides are strewed with graves. The continued scenes of disaster can be compared to nothing I can think of so appropriate as to that of retreating army, closely pursued by the enemy hanging on their heels. The loss of our baggage is irretrievable, and all who have lagged behind from fatigue, exhaustion or otherwise.

“I have all this on the 30th June, nine days after-hailed. One day last week I passed a grave of a boy two years old, the first I have seen here (last Saturday) I saw a grave that the wolves had opened; I found the skull twenty-two steps from the grave, picked as clean as if it had been buried in the earth. The ribs scattered about, one of the superior maxillary bones and one of the shoulder-blades. These were all the bones that I saw. The blanket in which he had been wrapped was torn to tatters, the handkerchief that had been round his head was still near his grave. I scraped the dirt off the head-board and read as follows: ‘I—F. of Chillicothe, Ohio, departed this life 21st June, 1849.’

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...publications passed by fraud, which would not obey—men who were to be found in all parts of the State—would be compelled to condemn me—newspapers, & the like—Siegler and Rottens were to be the leaders of the plot. The plan was to have all influences against the judiciary, and the members of Congress—trading political influence with the members of the legislature, and the press.

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LITERARY EXAMINER.

From Chambers's Journal.

My Childhood's Thought.
Three fields beyond our dwelling-place, a limpid streamlet floweth,
From spring-head onwards I have traced it whereso'er it goeth;
I used to idle on the banks, and childishly to prouder
O'er that river's shining course with pleasant awe and wonder,
Arranging in my secret mind a crew of mystic birth—

That Elfin river was a type of my own doom on earth.
And so from spring-head to the vale where man and mirth meet,
I learnt the story page by page, and other less sons sweet.
Where the living greenest moss gathers o'er the rounded rocks
(The shepherd's favorite rest, crook in hand, to watch their flocks),

There amid the scented thyme, fern, and hyacinthine bells,
Forth a hundred ripples gush on flowery paths to the old mill;
Mid this wasp of summer sweets, mark a festering heart is neat,
And a marble basin fair receives some falling diamonds here;

Thence again, 'mid beds of roses, sporting, toy-ing on its way,
Where a classic temple craves mirrored grace and iond delay,
Heedless on the water runneth, wideneth, and willows stay;
Tastful how we are left behind, grand and fa-tal scenes are o'er,
And spring-head murmur fads, bids adieu for e'more.

Merrily the streamlet floweth, hidden under archways drear,
Merrily it flows through ruins dim and sights of fear;

'Tis a young and saucy streamlet frolicking lightly by,
With its face all unruled, o'er though wintry breeze sigh;

Gilding on transparently with a murmur sing forever,

Looking not to the right or left—oh, it was a careless river!

Through the sheltered pasture-fields, winding in and winding out,
How the frisking waters ran, hereabout and thereabout!

Old oak-trees and ivy leaves, cowslip beds and knot-grass,

Washing o'er, now and then foaming up and playin' pranks.

'Twas aise, roving life; but the dancing days were done,

When a graver work was found from the dawn to set of sun;

And the noisy mill-wheel turning, whispered to the busy water—

'Thy proud heart is humbled now, dainty, foolish daughter!

Useful days and dreamless nights fill up thine appointed race,

While the stars reflected shine on the mill-pool's placid face.

But stars shone on the other side of that clever talking mill,

And the holy moonbeams fell not alone on waters still.

Darting forward with a power they had never known before,

Swiftly onward now they flew escaping from the bright boughs,

Flower-meads and gardenes trim were as though they ne'er had been,

Darksome depths, and raging foam, and splitting rocks made up the scene.

There is a deep and dread abyss; and into it the water leaps—

A silver thread diverging ere the furious current stony sweeps;

I shrank to hear the distant roar of the tumbling waters wild,

I prayed to wander far along that way without a guide,

But follow by the river thread to pastures fair where nature smiled.

Straight and narrow is the stream, the humble stream is known to few,

It leads to woodland solitudes, and bids the heartless crowds adieu;

Straight and narrow, pure and deep—outwards, onwards calmly gliding—

Ocean's mighty bosom this, and many silver streamslets hushing.

C. A. M. W.

Beautiful Sketch.

The following beautiful and touching sketch we copy from the Journal of Commerce:

I have worshipped blue eyes, and there is no radiance so heavenly as that which gleams from them. But black are more bewildering; and when a shadow of melancholy falls over the forehead, it softens beauty while it does not dim them.

* * * If you will go with me now to a glen in the highlands, and a willow-shaded nook, I will point out to you the very spot where years ago there stood a rude bench, on which many times I have seen the fair girl I now write of, sitting, and by which I once saw her kneeling. The cottage under the hill is occupied by strangers, and its broad hall and large rooms now ring to the laughter of those that know not her whose gentle spirit haunts their very chambers.

She was as beautiful as a dream. Never was holier forehead shaded by raven tresses; never were tresses so glorious as those. If I tell you that I loved Sarah D., you will call me an enthusiast, and ascribe my admiration to my passion. I did love her, but only as a boy worships a being very far above him. I used to sit at her feet on the grass, and gaze into her face, and watch the play of her exquisite features. It was there I learned first how high, and pure, and worshipful, humanity may be.

* * * She was young and beautiful. What need to add that she was loved. Surely I need not add that she loved, for such as she live on affection, and die for lack of it. Her father devoted his fortune and his life to her, and she was heiress to a large estate. As might be expected, she had numberless suitors of every rank and variety, and I cannot now remember all of them, although I then kept the run of them tolerably well. But of all, there were only two that appeared to have any prospect of success; and the village gossips were occupied in discussing their relative chances.

Frank R. was the gayest, best-hearted fellow in the world, and had you seen him on his horse by the side of Sarah D., you would have said he was made for her, so wild was his laugh, and so joyous her response. Yet, had you been behind the closed shutter of the window in the front of the large white house on the hill, as they rode by, and had you there watched the compressed lip, the broad, calm forehead, the pale face and the speaking eye of Joseph S., as he saw them passing, you would have prayed to God that that fair girl might belong to that noble man, even as I, a boy then prayed.

God has answered my prayers. When the long way was traveled over, and the rugged and difficult steep surmounted—when her fairy foot was pressed on the rock at the summit of the hill of life, and her eyes gazed into the deep blue sky with longing gaze, there, even there, beyond the blue, his outstretched arms received her, and his embrace was Heaven!

Go preach to blocks and stones, ye who believe that love is clay! Go preach to the dead, ye who deny the immortality of the affections! Go reason with trees, or hills, or images of wood, or with your own motionless, lifeless, icy souls, ye who believe that, because there is no marrying yonder, there shall be no embracing, or because we may not use the gentle words 'my wife,' we may not clasp these sanctified forms in your own holy arms! I tell you, that immortality would be a glorious cheat, if with our clay died all our first affections. I tell you that annihilation would

be heaven, if I believed that when my head at length rests on its confined pillow, and my lips sink to the silence and repose of death, these loving eyes will never look into mine again, this pure clasp never be around my neck, this holy caress never bless me more!

But see how I hasten in advance of my story. And yet, like Canning's knife-grinder, I remember now that I have no story to tell, or at best it is a simple history.

She loved Joe. His calm and earnest way of loving her won her whole soul.—

He did not say much to her in company, nor of her, but when they were alone, or only some of the children near, his low voice would be musical, and she sat entranced with its eloquence. I have seen them seated on the bench by the side of the stream, and have heard him lead her gentle soul step by step with him from earth stars, and then from star to star, until she seemed to be in heaven with him, and listening to the praises of the angels.

I am unable to tell you how it happened that Joseph S.—left his profession, (which had been law) and entered the ministry, nor am I able to state, though I might guess at, the cause operating in his own mind. The father of Sarah D.—was not a religious man, and, I am sorry to say, was one of a small class of men, who not only deny the truths of our most holy creed, but take every opportunity to cast ridicule on its teachers. It was, therefore, with great pain, that his daughter observed his coldness and rudeness to Joseph S.—

And a marble basin fair receives some falling diamonds here;

Thence again, 'mid beds of roses, sporting, toy-ing on its way,

Where a classic temple craves mirrored grace and iond delay,

Heedless on the water runneth, wideneth, and willows stay;

Tastful how we are left behind, grand and fa-tal scenes are o'er,

And spring-head murmur fads, bids adieu for e'more.

Merrily the streamlet floweth, hidden under archways drear,

Merrily it flows through ruins dim and sights of fear;

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With its face all unruled, o'er though wintry breeze sigh;

Gilding on transparently with a murmur sing forever,

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How the frisking waters ran, hereabout and thereabout!

Old oak-trees and ivy leaves, cowslip beds and knot-grass,

Washing o'er, now and then foaming up and playin' pranks.

'Twas aise, roving life; but the dancing days were done,

When a graver work was found from the dawn to set of sun;

And the noisy mill-wheel turning, whispered to the busy water—

'Thy proud heart is humbled now, dainty, foolish daughter!

Useful days and dreamless nights fill up thine appointed race,

While the stars reflected shine on the mill-pool's placid face.

But stars shone on the other side of that clever talking mill,

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Swiftly onward now they flew escaping from the bright boughs,

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It leads to woodland solitudes, and bids the heartless crowds adieu;

Straight and narrow, pure and deep—outwards, onwards calmly gliding—

Ocean's mighty bosom this, and many silver streamslets hushing.

I have not wished to live, only for one thing I did long for life, and I dreaded to meet death all alone! but now I shall not. W—will tell you what I mean when I am gone. Yes, gone, dear mother. I shall not be here any longer. This chair will stand here, and I not be anywhere near it. You will be here, and father, and you will rise and walk about, and visit, and go in and out, and sleep and wake again, and so day after day, and I shall have no part any longer in your cares and joys—Dear Mother—and as she uttered the last words; she put her arms around her mother's neck, and kissed her fondly, and sank back into her chair again. I sat at her feet watching her matchless features. A smile was flitting across them, now there, now gone, yet each time it appeared, it lingered longer than before, until it became fixed, and so holy, so very holy, that I grew bewildered as I gazed, and a strange tremor passed through my body.

The breath of peace was fanning her glorious brow! Her head was bowed a very little forward, and a tress escaping from its bonds, fell by the side of her pure white temple, and close to her just opened lips. It hung there motionless! No breath disturbed its repose! She slept as an angel might sleep, having accomplished the mission of her God.

From the Newark Sentinel.

Tree.

You may be disposed to think, Mr. Editor, that after the papers which you kindly published some years ago, on Civic and Royal Decoration, I can have very little more to say on the subject of trees. Yet the older I grow, the more I feel interested for posterity, and desire my sons and grandsons to have abundance of shade. The jets about the treeless condition of Scotland have gone on for so many years, that Dr. Johnson could return and renew his tour, he would find umbrageous plantations on every hand: indeed the very best method of transplanting mature trees comes to us from Scotland. Dr. Whitsupon used to say, that when he sailed up the Delaware, on his arrival in this country, he was at every turn tempted to ask what nobleman's seat he was looking at; so accustomed was he to associate a grove with wealth and artificial plantation. Dreadful havoc has, however, been made in these forests during the last century; and even the trees around old mansions have, upon a change of owners, been barbarously hewn down.

It was my lot to live several years in the neighborhood of the eccentric and eloquent John Randolph, of Roanoke; and I often heard the remark made, that he would not allow even any lopping or trimming of his trees. He used to say, in reference to the connexion between aristocracy and "ancestral trees," "Any upstart can build a fine house, but he cannot build the old oaks." In that same country I was most familiar with a spot settled by a retired officer of the Revolution, but now dismantled, and occupied by an overseer; yet four matchless oaks still tower above the ruins, and there are the remains of four rows of catalpa trees, which once extended nearly half a mile. When I lived there, it was a pleasant thought that my honored father had lived there also, and had enjoyed the same shade thirty years before; how sacred then must be the associations of one who walks among trees which have sheltered his forefathers for centuries! Are we to give up all such fancies at the beck of communists and red republicans?

Trees have figured in literature, and struck their roots deep in the poetry of all ages. Although a taste for the picturesque does not characterize the ancients, and there is little description of natural scenery in their proseworks, yet we find exceptions in regard to trees. One remarkable instance will promptly occur to all classical scholars; it is the famous plateau, in the shade of which Socrates kept his place with a spot settled by a retired officer of the Revolution, but now dismantled, and occupied by an overseer; yet four matchless oaks still tower above the ruins, and there are the remains of four rows of catalpa trees, which once extended nearly half a mile. When I lived there, it was a pleasant thought that my honored father had lived there also, and had enjoyed the same shade thirty years before; how sacred then must be the associations of one who walks among trees which have sheltered his forefathers for centuries! Are we to give up all such fancies at the beck of communists and red republicans?

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